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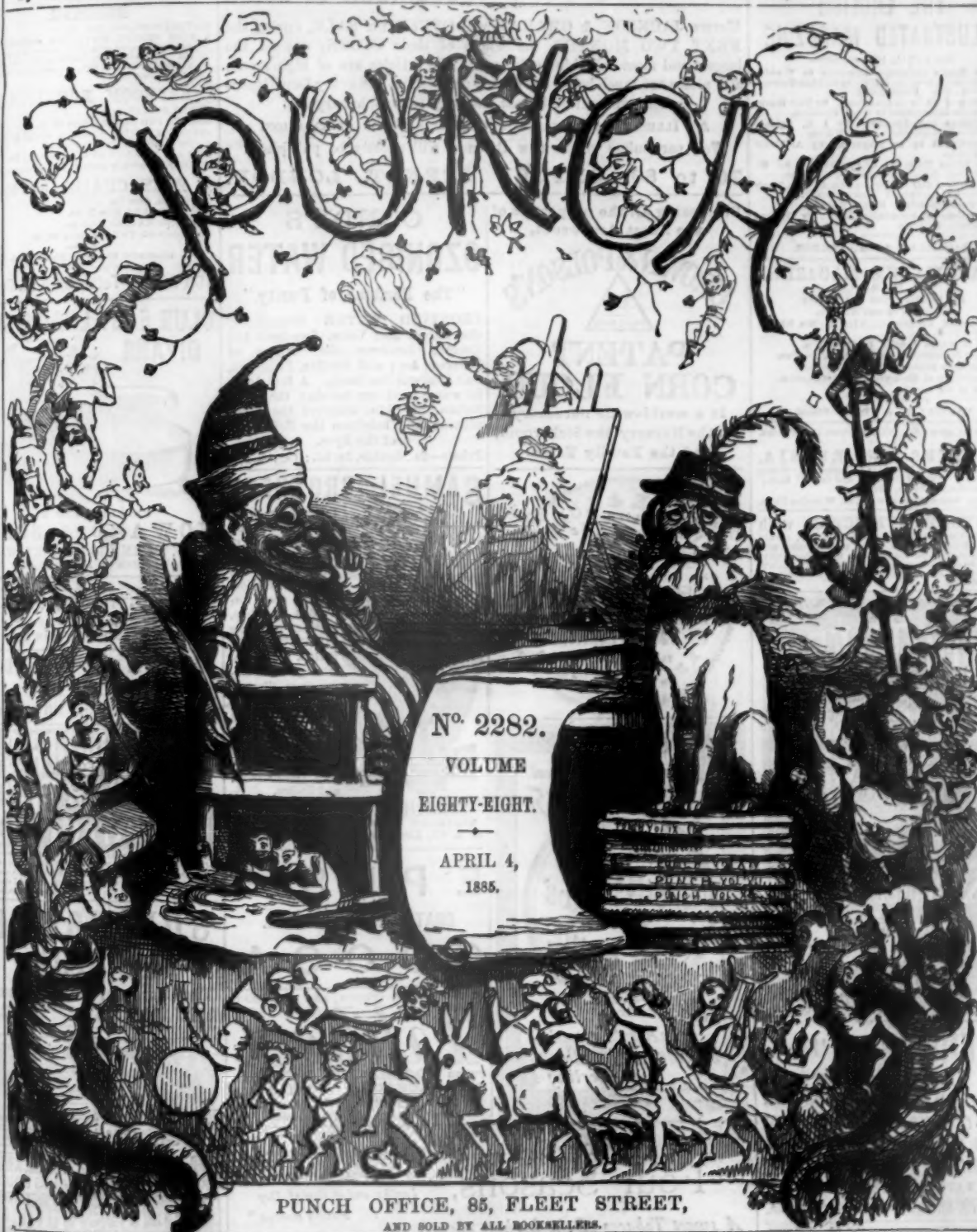
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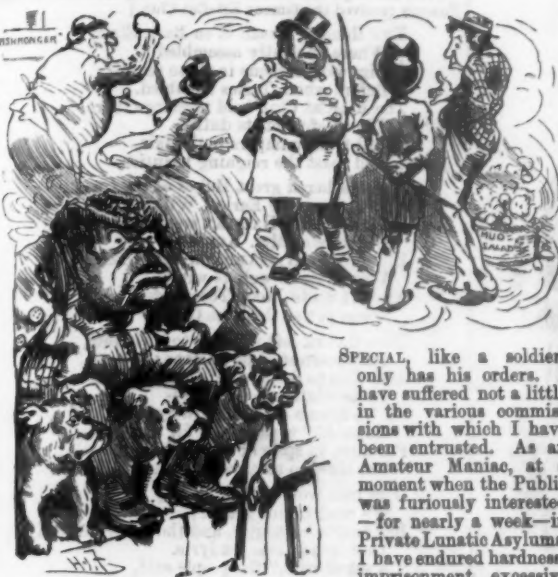
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THE AMATEUR CANDIDATE.

By Our Special Reporter.



SPECIAL, like a soldier, only has his orders. I have suffered not a little in the various commissions with which I have been entrusted. As an Amateur Maniac, at a moment when the Public was furiously interested—for nearly a week—in Private Lunatic Asylums, I have endured hardness, imprisonment, excessive shower-baths, and dis-

agreeable company, while I so conscientiously worked up the part with which I was entrusted, that I was released, with the utmost difficulty, from the kind care and select establishment of my Keeper.

As an Amateur Welsher, too (when the Public wanted a view of Welshing "from within"—that is, from the outside of the Ring), I have been chivied, beaten, ducked, and three-quarters killed. But when you, Mr. Punch, requested me to disguise myself as a Red Candidate, and to woo the caresses of the Mob—I mean one of the Patent New Constituencies—I confess that I almost shrank from the task. Every man has his soft place, and mine is a disinclination to be "mixed up," as they say, with Politics. Amateur Lunacy, Amateur Welshing, I can stand, but, as an educated man, I confess that from Politics I have an instinctive shrinking. However, professional pride came to my aid, and I undertook to do what you desired.

My orders were to disguise myself as an Extremist of the most incredible principles. Some days spent in study of Mr. HENRY GEORGE, and of the address and rebuke which the Ripon Liberal Association presented to Mr. GOSCHEN, completed my political education. I was next introduced to an intelligent tradesman, a Ratecatcher, who had great influence with the Extreme Six Hundred of the Slums and District. My opponent, I should say, in the affections of the Constituency was an opulent dealer in Antiquities, chiefly old clothes—Mr. IKEY MO. My object, of course, was to overbid this capitalist in my political offers. I got on very well with the influential Ratecatcher, who was, by descent, a scion of an island "notable for its verdure and its wrongs." Home Rule,—the sooner the better,—paid Members for Ireland, the restitution of landed property to the descendants of its true heirs, evicted under BRIAN BORO, were attractive planks on my platform. I had afterwards to modify some of the planks, and portion out the land to the denizens of the Slums, rent-free; but that was only one of a series of progressive modifications. Political education, when you are a Candidate, is exceedingly rapid.

My friendly Ratecatcher, Mr. BRALLAGHAN, then gave the names and addresses of the Extreme Six Hundred, with whom lay the choice between Mr. Mo and myself. To my astonishment, I only received one hundred and thirty names.

"Why, where are the other four hundred and seventy?" I inquired.

"There ain't no more of us nowhere," said Mr. BRALLAGHAN, somewhat sullenly. "It ain't quite good enough."

"What is not good enough?"

"Why, Sir, you know it won't go round among so many,—and times is bad," said my friend and political Mentor.

"I am sorry, Mr. BRALLAGHAN," I replied, "that none of my Clubs permit members to introduce strangers at luncheon, but may I have the pleasure of offering you refreshment at a more liberal bar?"

He was a little mollified, and we entered the "Seven Tuns"

together. When my hospitality had softened the Roman virtue of this politician, I asked him, once more, why there were only one hundred and thirty men in the famous Six Hundred. But I only gathered from him that these patriots could not afford to be more numerous. "It won't run to it, Sir," he added, with a wink.

"But how are you appointed?" I inquired.

"Why, thirty of us met in this 'ere public, and every cove brought in a friend, or a brother-in-law or two, and 'ere we is, all snug and comfortable."

No other explanation was offered, and I set out to win the promises of the Extreme Association Six Hundred, or rather, "all that was left of them, left of Six Hundred." These earnest men had the power of choosing the Extreme Candidate for the whole constituency; no other need apply; they were, in brief, the Constituency itself, for an "Oligarch" has a poor chance in the Slums.

Well, Sir, I went about among the Extreme One Hundred and Thirty. I promised everything I thought attractive: diestablishment of everybody, Home Rule, the Royal Family on board wages, reduction of the Army; they all said the Navy was reduced enough already. I proposed to make Professor FREEMAN Viceroy of India, and I kept repeating that remark about "unabated loyalty to the fortunate Statesman, who still so happily controls the destinies of the Empire,"—what there is of it. I would make Lord WOLSELEY withdraw from the Soudan; and if he couldn't withdraw, why, I would leave him there. These pledges, however, were received without enthusiasm. They had already been swallowed by Mr. IKEY MO, and the electors appeared but little interested. The Fishmongers bade me swear to support Billingsgate. The Greengrocers urged me to rally round Covent Garden. The Butchers insisted that it must be made penal to sell Australian meat, except at a reduction to the Trade, who could dispose of it as native produce. All demanded the diestablishment of the Civil Service Stores. These pledges I took, and I began to have a horrid apprehension that I might be the chosen of the Extreme Six Hundred, and might sit for the Slums.

The night approached when the Six Hundred were to meet, and choose between me and Mr. Mo. I went round to my supporters, beginning with the Ratecatcher.

"You will be there, Mr. BRALLAGHAN," I said. "I rely on you."

"Well, you see, Sir, my 'art is with you, but these is 'ard times, and a Plumber, as works with me, has turned down a lot o' rats in an 'ouse in Bedford Square, and I'm to have the job that very night."

"But you won't let profit stand between you and your duty to your country?"

"Well, Sir, I'm a family man, and chances is scarce,—curious how rare rats is, just now; 'ard times, Sir. A couple o' pounds, now, would see me 'armless," and Mr. BRALLAGHAN looked hard at me.

"But that is Bribery and Corruption, Sir," I said, hastily.

Whereupon this leading politician made some remark about "Stowing my blooming gammon."

As he was attended by his bulldogs, I hastily withdrew, and looked up my other supporters in the Six Hundred. It was the same story everywhere. One had to carry a banner in the "Britannieroxton," another had a pal's place as a cab-tout, a third actually told me he "'ad a crib to crack down Norwood way;" everyone, in short, had some lucrative engagement which prevented him from being present at the meeting of the Extreme Six Hundred. My political education had not advanced so far as they hoped, and I did not "see them 'armless." Next morning I read, in the papers, that Mr. Mo was the Red Candidate for the Slums, and the chosen of the Six Hundred.

You will receive, Sir, the bill for my expenses, which, as you will perceive, were considerable.

WOLF!

THE Railway Ogre is hungrily apace for another mouthful.

Pe! si! fo! fum!
I spy a nook in an East End slum,
A place where of old they buried their dead,
I'll snap it up to make my bread.

Sings the Ogre—*alias* the London Tilbury and Southend Railway. And so it will, if not prevented. Miss OCTAVIA HILL, the ever-vigilant vampire-defier, is, however, on the watch. The Mill Yard Burial Ground, says she, would make a garden or playground. Why then should the Railway Ogre override the Disused Burials Act, so lately passed for the express purpose of dealing with such poor plots in the interest of the poor and not of the monopolists? That question will require a very complete and conclusive answer to bring Mr. Punch or the British Public round to the Fi-fo-fum view of the question.

TO TELEGRAMS AND ALL PEN-AND-INK-WIRERS.—"Pump-Handle Court" Papers will be resumed next week. Mr. BRIEFLESS, Junior, was compelled to take a little rest after his arduous labours.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Miss Gonsdance. "I'M SO GLAD YOU THINK I'VE IMPROVED IN MY PLAYING OF THAT NOCTURNE OF YOURS, HERR BEMOLSKI! I HOPE TO BE PERFECT IN IT NEXT TIME WE MEET!"

Herr B. (gallantly). "ACH! MISS GONSDANCE! I HOPE WE SHALL MEET BEFORE EAT!"

THE OLD DUKE'S WARNING.

An Official Sanctum at the Horse Guards. Indefatigable Commander-in-Chief discovered sleeping sweetly. Enter an Heroic Shade.

Indefatigable Commander-in-Chief (waking suddenly). Come in. (He rises.) Dear me. Dozing again! And no wonder. Talk of work? Why, since half-past ten this morning, if I've looked into one, I must have looked into five hundred of these blessed—

Heroic Shade. Blunders?

Indefatigable Commander-in-Chief (with a start). Good gracious me! Why,—you don't mean to say—that it's—? (Rubs his eyes, and endeavours to back on to the mantelpiece.) Why, surely you were getting comfortably settled at Aldershot? If anything's wrong—?

Heroic Shade. Ha! that's coming to the point. Just what I was going to ask you. Your Royal Highness seems busy?

Indefatigable Commander-in-Chief. Busy? Well, what with new facings and that row about the feather bonnet, I've known some press of work in my time, but I can't name anything within my recollection that can touch this. (Takes up several bundles of papers vaguely.) Called out both Reserves, you know. (With confidence.) Plenty of men; and splendid stuff too, I can tell you.

Heroic Shade (grimly). Yes, I know "the stuff"! Well handled, a little of it goes a long way,—least, so I found it. No doubt about your men. How about your Generals?

Indefatigable Commander-in-Chief. Well!—hum!—ha! Well, we've one, you know, who, however, just at the present moment, I'm glad,—that is, I mean, I'm sorry to say,—happens to be, so to speak, boxed up—

Heroic Shade. On the Retired but not Rescued List? Cut off from his own base, eh? He can't help you. Any others?

Indefatigable Commander-in-Chief. To be sure. Let me see; of course, there's— (Refers to numerous sheets of initialled foolscap, and mentions several names honourably known on the Army List.)

Heroic Shade. Hum! Good men and true, sure enough! Who

THE RANELAGH AT BARN ELMS.

[The Ranelagh Club has taken Barn Elms, the house in which TONSON received the famous Kit-Cat Club.]

THE Ranelagh hath ta'en Barn Elms,
Where anciently assembled
Whigs very famous in these realms,
Before whom Tories trembled.
The Kit-Cat Club held meetings there,
The chiefest of its duties,
To fill fresh bumpers to the fair,
And toast the reigning beauties.

Here gathered great Dukes of the time,
Here came the Earl of WHARTON,
Here gay Lord HALIFAX would rhyme
In praise of Mrs. BARTON.
Here CONGREVE, ADDISON, and STEELE
Were wise as well as witty,
And oft made JACOB TONSON feel
'Twas better than the City.

Here GARTH left patients to their fate,
The smartest of physicians;
And thus to STEELE he'd demonstrate
Their relative positions:—
"I've fifteen patients. Why should I,"
He said, "with physic fill them?
For nine, in spite of me, will die;
The six—no man can kill them."

Here men would "drink away the night,"
We read in line satiric;
But hearts beat high, and thoughts were bright,
That live in many a lyric.
"A set of wits," the people said,
But there were few more able,
And mighty Statesmen took the head
Of JACOB TONSON's table.

Those ancient beaux they sang and laughed,
Gay men of each profession;
And punch and port were duly quaffed
To Protestant succession.
They live in quaint ARBUTHNOT's lay,
In KNELLER's famous faces:
What will their phantoms think to-day
Of polo pony races?

FIRST OF APRIL.—Prince BISMARCK's Birthday. There are exceptions to every rule.

gainsays it? But it won't do—even for good men and true—to be caught napping. You understand that, Sir?

Indefatigable Commander-in-Chief.—Ha! You are referring to that little affair the other day of the loss of the Transport Corps—

Heroic Shade. That well-nigh imperilled the success of the whole campaign? Yes, your Royal Highness, that's what I'm referring to. Mistakes like that, no matter who makes them, may cost a Nation dear! Take the advice of an old Soldier. Keep your official eyes open. (He groans faint.)

Indefatigable Commander-in-Chief (getting off the mantelpiece with returning self-possession). With all respect for your Grace's splendid antecedents, you will allow me to observe that there is scarcely occasion to remind either myself or the excellent fellows who are at the heads of the various Departments under my immediate control, of this obviously, business-like, and soldierly duty. Here, at least, we are, every one of us, thoroughly wide awake.

Heroic Shade. Hum! That's all very well,—but how about the rotten Rations, the non-exploding Boxers, the jamming Gardners, defective Transport, the "Intelligence" break-down, and some dozen other matters we wot of, that have between them cost the country the needless waste of some of its best blood in the field, and saddled it unnecessarily with still heavier responsibilities at home?

Indefatigable Commander-in-Chief (with warmth). Bless me, your Grace, if you'll excuse my saying so, this strikes me as singularly croaking and unpatriotic language from one of your exalted position, when we may be, as you know, within the course of another twenty-four hours, involved irrevocably—

Heroic Shade. In a second Crimea? Just so. The suggestion is apposite. It might, at a crisis like this, do not only your Royal Highness, but even less military-souled enthusiasts, no harm to turn to the history of this month thirty years ago, and learn, before it is yet too late, the lesson that it teaches. Beware! [Fades.]

Indefatigable Commander-in-Chief (relieved). Bless my soul! But I must have been dreaming! [Wakes up completely as Curtain falls.]

"HIS WORD'S AS GOOD AS HIS BOND."



Sultan (at back). "DON'T YOU BE AFRAID. IT'S ALL RIGHT, ALTHOUGH I HAVEN'T GUARANTEED IT. BUT IT'S ISSUED WITH MY ENTIRE 'SANCTION AND AUTHORITY.' BLESS YOU!"—*Vide Mr. Gladstone's Explanation, Thursday, March 26.*

Oh! wherefore came they forth from their Island West by North,
With their swords and their guns, and their raiment, gray and red?

Why ARABI did they rout, and what have they been about,
With their money, which is gone, and their heroes, who are dead?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter is the fruit,
And crimson is the dye of the Desert, slaughter-trod;
They have not been wise or strong, they have gone exceeding wrong,
They who sit in our high places, and rule us with their nod.

They blunder, late or soon, things seem ever out of tune—
Now they gather once again for another party shine;
And the Grand Old Man is there, with his sparse and silvery hair,
And ASHMEAD and Sir MICHAEL, and STAFFY, the benign.

"Why are we ever bored with Egypt and the sword,
We who love not Intervention, and who never want to fight?"

So the murmuring breaks out—will it swell into a shout?—
From the men below the Gangway, upon the SPEAKER'S right.

And hark! like the roar of the surf upon the shore,
The cry of anger rises along the Tory line;
"G. shall not have applause, though persuasively he jaws.
Out on his mad Convention! out on those Millions nine!"

Geese! It's little good to scold. TEWFIK must have the gold,
And the SULTAN silyly stands just aside—his usual way—
And he whispers—cunning fox!—"There's a bit for your strong box;
The game has my 'authority,' and so it's sure to pay!"

He looks so smug and meek, though his tongue be in his cheek,
And his fingers rather itch. But need TEWFIK greatly reck
When the G. O. M. stands there, so demure and debonair,
And hands him—*From the Firm*—that most handy "Little
Cheque"?

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW FACES.

UNDOUBTEDLY the thanks of all Dramatic Authors are due to the Author of *The Magistrate* for the vindication of the Molièrian claim for the right of the Dramatist to do not only what he likes with his own, but with what may be anybody else's. Good.

Mr. PINERO has shown considerable ingenuity in constructing a new building with old materials. The aim of the farce-writer is to



Keeping up their Pecker, or their Pecker keeping them up. The Pinero bird feeding the young 'uns at the Court Theatre.

cause laughter, and in this the Author of *The Magistrate* has been, as it seems to me, thoroughly successful.

Now what are the principal old materials used in *The Magistrate*? Let us see:—

The maid falling in love with the young master of the house, and evidently believing that he will marry her: this is in *Betsy*. In *The Magistrate* nothing comes of it: in *Betsy* it is of the greatest importance. The concealment of the boy's age from the boy himself also occurs in *Betsy*. The wife going with her sister, at night, on an errand which she wishes to be kept secret from her husband, occurs in *Artful Cards*. The stopson taking his stepfather out for a lark when the latter's wife is out of the way, is similar to the nephew taking his uncle out for a lark in *Artful Cards*. The Colonel returned from India, and desirous of visiting his old haunts, reminded me of the Captain returning from Bengal, and anxious for the same amusement, in *His First Peccadillo*, on which, or on its French original with which I am not acquainted, Mr. BOUICCAULT founded his *Forbidden Fruit* at the Adelphi. The supping out, after some fashion or other, is common to *Le Reveillon*, *His First Peccadillo*, and *Pink Dominoes*, only that in these pieces the female element at supper is the essential attraction, while in *The Magistrate* the youth's idea of a lark is supper with his stepfather and another gentleman in a private room of a Leicester Square Restaurant; and even the Colonel from India has no more extensive ideas of "a spree" than to sup tête-à-tête with a stupid young officer in another private room at the above-mentioned Restaurant. Not the properest "Young Person" could object to this. All is so very harmless and correct that the Colonel might as well have been an Archbishop; and as it is certain that *The Private Secretary* does depend for much of its fun on Mr. PENLEY's clerical costume, so probably the laughter at *The Magistrate* would have been doubled, had Mr. CLAYTON appeared as, say, a Colonial Bishop or South African Archbishop. But perhaps Mr. PINERO has this character among his reserved forces, which at present there is no necessity to call out. The entry of the Police at the end of Act II. is a situation not entirely unlike the entry of the Police in *Artful Cards*, also at the end of Act II., when the gambling-tables are turned into pianos, and all the characters take



John Clayton, Tragedian in "The Denham" (to Jack Clayton, Low Comedian in "The Magistrate"). "Heavens! How came you Lukyn like that?"

part in a concert; in *The Magistrate* the delinquents hide under the table and behind the chairs and sofas. In the Third Act of *Artful Cards* Mr. TOOLE, as Mr. Spicer Romford, enters in a most dilapidated state, and tells how he has escaped from the Police: so does Mr. ARTHUR CECIL, as Mr. Posket, in *The Magistrate*.

Some one said to FRANK TALFOURD, "I say, that joke of yours was in your last burlesque."

"My last burlesque!" exclaimed TALFOURD, "my dear fellow, it has been in everyone of my burlesques, and it has always gone admirably."

Given the ingenious playwright, and then such good old farcical friends as coming down a chimney with a blackened face, hiding in a jam-closet and re-appearing smeared with some preserve, or being concealed and audibly smashing the crockery,—which is immediately attributed to the cat,—sitting on handboxes, leaving a baby in a chest of drawers, hiding behind a screen, and so forth, will come out again as fresh as ever. Why pay the original Author of one situation in a French piece for permission to introduce it into an English one, when this wealth of old material is at hand gratis? I confess I am delighted with the success of Mr. PINERO's experiment, for we are returning to the good old days when a farce was called a farce, and not "a farcical comedy," and there are still lots of "bits of business" and comic situations which have not been used in *The Magistrate*, and, being nobody's property in particular, are only awaiting the arrival of the bold inventor who can serve them up again with a new sauce and plenty of it.

So much for the material. And now comes the vital question, "Does *The Magistrate* make you laugh, or does it not?"

The answer is,—Yes, it does; and, what is more, the last Act is the best, and the fun, which drops a little about the middle of the Second Act, becomes funnier and funnier towards the finish. This is due, first and foremost to Mr. PINERO, and then to Mr. CLAYTON, who, though occasionally evincing a self-consciousness of forcing himself to be comic against his more serious dramatic will, plays his part, on the whole, in the spirit of true comedy; that is, in real earnest. He will be still better when the novelty of his appearing in this sort of part has worn off. On the first night he seemed to entertain a doubt as to how such old comic business as an interchange of hats and hiding under a table or behind a sofa, would go, and so his execution of these humorous manoeuvres was marked by a certain shyness and perceptible diffidence, as though, in a difficult situation, he were doing his best, but was prepared for the worst.

And Mr. CLAYTON looked so relieved when, after giving his comic, shiny, curly-brimmed hat to the Swell who couldn't by any possible chance have mistaken it for his own *gibus*, the audience roared with laughter. He knew then that, if they took to this kindly, they would not turn coldly away from his next great effort in the Third Act, when he would have to appear with a black plaster across his nose, in dishevelled dress and muddy trousers. And he was right; though he came on shyly and timidly, quite prepared to apologise and retire, yet they cheered him to the echo, and all was well; for to come on in this miserable plight is always bound to get a laugh; and it always has, since I knew it when I was quite a boy.

Mr. ARTHUR CECIL was very good, and the part will improve in his hands. It is long now since he appeared in an adaptation of *Le Reveillon*; but somehow, whether it was the piece, or his character, or his acting, on the first night, I was forcibly reminded of his first appearance at the Globe.

Mrs. JOHN WOOD has not by any means so prominent a part as fell to her lot in *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, when she had the fun all to herself; here it is shared by others. She has to get under a table, where she is joined by Mr. ARTHUR CECIL, whom she pinches. This goes "with a roar"—specially from Mr. CECIL.

Miss MARION TERRY was simply admirable. She looked the part and acted it to perfection. Her hunger was catching: her walking off with the tray in the last Act, inimitable. Let her never play any more die-away girls or ill-used wives, unless the reason of their dying-away and of their wretchedness is starvation. Mr. PINERO has fitted



Mr. Punch (to Mr. W. Shakespeare). "Hullo, William! Off again, eh? Bad taste of our Nineteenth Century public, isn't it? But you'll take a rest, and turn up fresher than ever."

her down to the ground: the character may be new or old, but it doesn't matter, it suits Miss TERRY, and Miss TERRY it, perfectly.

To sum up; where the materials come from, and how they were put together, are questions that only interest Dramatic Authors and Critics. But the effect on the public is what concerns the Managers, and in Mr. PINERO's *Magistrate* I think they have undoubtedly "a hit," and they deserve success for the pluck and judgment shown in its selection.

NIBBS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



H! we are just about summing to the time when the Testymoneyall Dinners begins, and jolly good fun me and Brown gets out on em.

They seems to manege matters in the City so that

almost everybody shood have a Testymoneyall in his turn, and the speeches on them ocaashuns is sumthink-ecruphuns.

The present Cheerman allers tells the late Cheerman that not only was he the best Cheerman that ever filled a Cheer, but, that the one only ope of every future Cheerman will be that he may come within about 1000 miles of him, and then his hoghead of appyness will be full to the bung. And when the Testymoneyall is presented, the Cheerman allers says as it isn't for its meer money valley, for that ain't much, but for its moral valley, which is anormus, that he ope he'll think it worth having.

Then the late Cheerman is sure to say, for we ears it so often as we nose it all by art, that its the proudest moment, &c., his feelins overcums him, &c., go down to his posteriority, &c., &c.

Sum on 'em seems to make funny seleeshuns. I've seen a presentashun made of a lot of knives and forks and spoons, or a set of Dish Kovers, and one honnerable Gent chose a sort of little sideboard. Lor how Brown and me did grin as we brort it in. I think you can judge pretty well of a man's carackter by the Testymoneyall he selects, for of course they all select 'em, tho' they do try to look quite surprised when the Sherrymonial takes place. A pompus man now would have a great big French Cloak all smeared over with sham gold. A shabby man would have useful domestick artikles, like forks and spoons, or a Warming Pan, a puncheal man would have a big watch, that they calls I think a Barometer, a tasty Gent would have a Pieter or a Statty, while a Spoony wood naterally have a T. Pot and setter.

What rum things sum on 'em gets 'em for! Sum because they're so preshus old, as if they could help it, and wouldn't be young if they could. Sum because they've bin such a jolly long time a doin of nothink in pertickler. Sum because it's allers bin the custom, and sum, because sumboddy propoges it in hopes his turn will cum next.

Brown says the writing on 'em is allers exactly alike, so when they cums to be sold, the Porn Broker only has to take out the name, and then they does for sumboddy else! but Brown will allers say such sorceaustic things, Brown will. I remember when one of my Patrons had a Pianny Forty giv him, Brown whispered to me, they'd

have given him a Trumpit only he's got one of his own that he's allers blowing.

I remembers once a little T. Pot was giv to sumboddy because he had bin a Churchwarden and hadn't robbed anybody, or sumthink of that sort, and sumboddy told him it was the custom to ask 'em all to drink Shampayne with him, and, just for a lark, they drank such a lot that the bill come to double the price of the T. Pot, and he was as savage as a Bare, and woodn't pay the bill for a long time.

Sometimes we has sum werry funny incidents occurs. For instance, the other day it took me and Brown a matter of 5 minnits to put all the Testymoneyall on the table. There was a matter of 7 or 8 diffrent things! A bootiful large Clock, and Vases, and Marbly Osses, and lovely ornymnts of differing kinds, as must have cost heeps of money. And a Gent as I was standing behind says to his nayber, "Why JONES, my boy," says he, "that's about the best £20 worth as ever I seed."

"£20 worth," says the other, "why I'm bound it never cost less than £100!"

"Well," says the other, "but I happen to know there was only 19 guineas subskribed, for I saw the list. How the jeuce is it done?"

"Why," says the other, "he pays the difference hisself!"

"Then how can they engrave upon it all, 'Presented by So-and-So to So-and-So'?"

"Why," says he, "it's as easy as Lying!"

I was called away, and so herd no more. But oh, my Masters, what a Riverlashun! How proud a man must feel of a Testymoneyall for which he has paid about fifteen shillings in the pound out of his own pocket! and how proud he must feel when his wife and his famerly and his frends reads the lying inskriphun! I wonder how long it is before the Wife of his Buzzom finds him out, and respects him acordenly. Why I should be ashamed of sitch a thing, tho' I am only a pore Waiter. To put a case, which Brown says, with his ushal imperance, may praps be taken for a Nint. Suppose as the Gents as patronizes the onered Albion was to present me with a duzzen reel silver Tea Spoons, as a mark of Respeek, shood I be justerfide in making 'em into Tables?

No! Truth says No! Honner says No! As the Gent says in the Play, "Sham, sham, where is thy Blush?"

But, torkin of blushin, a sumthink occurd last Janniwerry witch I aven't ad the face, no, not evin that part on it as is cald "the cheek," to menahun before this—but now I can. I was ofishyatin at the horsepitabile Manahun House wen his horsepitabile Lordship, the LORD MARX, hentertained all the hole Corporashun at one blow—no, not one blow out, as Brown wulgarly hoberserved. If Brown would jest take egsample from sum one else who shall be nameless, it would praps be better for Brown.

Well, one of our reglar old Deppertys was there, as usual, and he covered his manly buzzom with a table napkin, as usual, and I giv him his plate of thick turtel, as usual, and then waited tranquilly, as usual, knowing as he wood want a second help, as usual. Well, setting next to him was a ewident stranger, and after he had took jest a spoonful or two of his soup, he said a sumthink to the Depperty as I didn't quite catch, and then waited for a anser, but there wasn't no anser. He then tried again wen the fish cum, but there wasn't no anser, nor no notice. I seed him try no less than five times, but all in wane, no anser and no notice. Judging from his estonished hair, I makes no dout as he thort the Depperty was def and dum. But phansy his look of wunder wen, after the dinner was quite over, and there wasn't not no more dellycassies to occupy the Depperty's mind, he turned round to the estonished Stranger and adrest im in these remarkable words:—

"Sir, you are ewidently unaccustomed to this style of thing, so I will give you jest one word of advice. Wen you are invited to sitch a Bankwet as this, Eat your Dinner and don't Talk!" And he got up and went away.

Well, after the speeches was all finished, the gentlemen all marched into the Lobby to git sum Tea, the LORD MARX and that sellebrated and honest whist-player, Sir LION PLAYFAIR, at their heads, wen in came the two brightest-looking Ladies in all London, namely the Lady Maress and the Sherryfess, accompanied by their atendent Sprites, as they sez in the story-books, and if they didn't lite up all the place jest like the rising sun coming out of a cloud of black coats, my name isn't ROBERT. And now cums the ewent that will lite up my umbel life, as the Lady Maress and the Sherryfess, et setter, lited up the Manahun House Lobby. For jest about wen the werry larst gest was a taking of his lingering departure, her Ladyship she cum up to me and she sed, sez she, that is her Ladyship,—"Mr. ROBERT, I am asking all the sillebraties as comes here, to give me their Haughtygraphs, and as you are sillybrated in your partickler way, I want you to give me your'n!"

I was that took with supprise as I thort I shood adropt. However, I recovered myself like a man, and went and did it, and thanks to the kyind condycension of one of the most grashus Ladies as ever pursided at the Manahun House, or anywheres else, the 30th of Janniwerry will be Haughtygraphed in my greatfool art as long as that art keeps on a beating.

ROBERT.



HOME RULE.

Mrs. Common Councilman. "WHY SHOULD YE BE MEDDLIN' WITH WHAT YE DON'T UNDERSTAND, MIKE! SHURE, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR DIRTY POLITICS, ME AND THE GURLS MIGHT BE LOOKIN' FORWARD TO TAKIN' THE FLURE WITH HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, AND YE MIGHT HA' BEEN MADE A BAR'NET, AND I SHOULD HA' BEEN MY LADY!"

READY!

READY! Not rashly courting fierce collision
With whatsoever quarry cross the way;
Not looking forth with hate-ensanguined vision,
Like long-leashed war-dogs eager for the fray;
But steadfastly on guard, the watchful warders
Of a domain which honour bids them keep.
And fiercely, furtively toward whose borders
Sinister footsteps creep.

Creep as they long have crept, slow but untiring,
With many a pause, but never a retreat.
To what far object of the heart's desiring
Tend those unechoing but unhalting feet?
What boots again to ask? Best calmly, mutely,
To take the sentinel's unshrinking stand,
Challenging, silently but resolutely,
The threatener of the land.

When side by side they stand, the stout old Lion
And that swift supple Tiger of the East,
Eyes glittering like the belt-stars of Orion,
Who braves the pair should be a brawny beast.
Ursine Colossus from the snow-wastes, truly
You are a monster of amazing thews.
But must the Orient fight it out with Thule?
'Tis left for you to choose!

These make no menace, but, serene, united,
Under one eye, responsive to one hand,
Stand thus on guard, by growlings unafrighted.
Consider, Bruin, that united stand!
Trust not to love of peace, proneness to bungle;—
That may be conquered, this be soon set right.
They're ready, these twin monarchs of the jungle,
Faithful, and full of fight.

BRITANNIA stands between, regarding proudly
Their sinewy strength, their unity of pose,
Listening, alert. Should the war-drum throb loudly,
With what fleet force she'll launch them on her foes!
Not without need; not hatred hot and heady,
Not battle-fire or blood-thirst moves her mind;
But if wild war must wake, the watchword "Ready!"
Shall ring adown the wind.

"QUESTION AND ANSWER."

(Improved extract from coming Parliamentary Report—latest model.)

Mr. Brown wished to know whether the Secretary of State for War could give any explanation of the fact that a whole British Army Corps had tumbled off a suspension bridge in the dark and totally disappeared.

The Marquis of Smartington. No, Sir, I cannot. (Hear, hear!) But I shall make inquiry, and I have no doubt it won't occur again. (Hear!)

Mr. Jones put a question as to the alleged turning bottom upwards in the Bay of Biscay of the whole of the Channel Fleet.

Sir Thomas Splashley, in answer to the interrogatory of the Hon. Member, said that the Admiralty had received intimation of the *manœuvres* in question. (Hear, hear!) He had no doubt it was all right, and that the gallant Admiral in command knew his own business best. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Robinson desired to know what explanation could be given by the Ordnance Department of the significant fact, that in both of the recent engagements on sea and land, every gun in our service had, as alleged, refused to go off at all and then burst.

Mr. Bland. None whatever. (Prolonged cheering.)
The House then adjourned.

SONG FOR THE KHEDIVE.—"Always a Loan!"



READY!



PORTRAIT OF A BANK CLERK ENJOYING A BANK HOLIDAY.

DEDICATED TO SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

THE Country crammed—the Sea-side jammed—
The Trains a crush—the River a rush—
Oh, is it not a jolly day!
The Shops all shut—the Streets all smut—
No room in the Park for the poor Bank Clerk!
Not a Bank, but a Blank Holiday!

"SAFE AS A BANK."

As in the face of the grave complications that appear to be looming in the immediate future, some doubts have been expressed as to the nature and scope of the regulations for the proper safety and protection of the Suez Canal about to be proposed at the forthcoming Paris Congress, the following brief synopsis of some of the principal provisions of the Scheme will be read with interest. It is understood that in time of war—

(1.) A merchant or passenger vessel that, having once entered the Canal, has been somehow blown up by mistake for a belligerent, can not recover its entrance fee in the local Egyptian County Court, unless accompanied by an International Solicitor and a battery or two of Horse Artillery.

(2.) Hostile Ironclads wishing to hire the Canal for the whole or a portion of the afternoon for the purpose of holding an engagement, must give notice to the Secretary, and enter their names in the Company's Fighting books kept for the purpose, not later than nine o'clock the same morning.

(3.) Passengers either going to or returning from India, and arriving at either end in the dark during the progress of a general action of not less than three hostile fleets on the waters of the Canal, at the same time, will have the privilege of walking along the banks, and, if they should desire it, of watching the progress of the devastation, as well as they can, on payment of a small extra fee for "gate money."

(4.) The right of Torpedo-planting for experimental purposes will be allowed, under certain restrictions, to all the leading Representatives of the International Commission; but, in the event of the practice causing any serious annoyance to unsuspecting Merchant-men *in transitu*, the Power at fault will be expected to make a suitable donation to the Pilot in charge, or, if there is nothing whatever left of him, to his duly appointed Executors.

(5.) This condonation will not be either required or exacted in the case of Turkish bottoms, that, by Article XIX. of the proposed provisions, may be "blown out, as occasion may render necessary, freely, and with perfect impunity."

There are a few other provisions dealing with the Shareholders' rights and liabilities in the not improbable event of the whole Canal, from end to end, having, as a precautionary military measure, to be entirely destroyed—but they are comparatively unimportant. It may, however, be gathered from the above extracts, that the Commission not only mean to exercise their functions in a wide and liberal spirit, but evidently well know what they are about.

A REAL MUSIC-HALL.

Philharmonic Concert at St. James's Hall. Thursday, March 26.
SIR ARTHUR in the Chair. HERR JOACHIM at the Violin. SIGNOR BOTTESINI at the Contrabasso. First night of new *Serenade*, written for this occasion by Mr. THOMAS WINGHAM, and personally conducted by the Composer.

It is quite a treat
When in "ARTHUR's seat"
Sits SULLIVAN, classical,
Nothing here farcical,
Which seems for him funny,
Guiding a symphony
Written by SCHUMANN,
Always so human.
Music hath charms,
Not this by BRAHMS;
JOACHIM plays it,
So all must praise it.
Music to bring 'em,
Written by WINGHAM.
New *Serenade*,
First time 'twas played.
Was it? Oh, yes,
Thorough success;
Plenty of *toon*,
Oboë, bassoon.
Wonderful things
For flutes, horns and strings,
And there are some
Bangs on the drum,

(Sweet "*Serenade*"
To waken a maid!)
Then in E Flat
Finish with that,
Played by the fellows
With violoncellos,
And 'mid brasses
It comes to a close—
"Short pedal tonic"—
At Philharmonic.
WINGHAM bows thrice,
All very nice.
Then BOTTESINI
Comes up quite "beany,"
Wonderful fellow!
Plays *Tarantella*,
Takes an encore,
Plays it once more.
Nod to SIR ARTHUR,
Suffering martyr,
Up in his seat;
We're on our feet.
"Good-bye," laconic,
To Philharmonic.

* Concerto in D for violin with Orchestra Op. 77. 'ARRY says, "'Hop 77!' My! what a lot o' dance-music he's written!"

BRILLIANT EGG-SAMPLES.

CHRISTMAS Cards are not so much the vogue as they were two



years ago, Valentines have almost vanished, and Twelfth Day has quite lost its character, or characters, but, instead, the Easter Egg is increasing year by year, and growing to an enormous size. A little Boy, after a visit to Mr. CREMER's, can teach his Grandmother the proverbial lesson with an egg. But what she may find will considerably surprise her. The inventions are ineggshaustible. The designs for the artistic productions of Messrs. SPARAGNAPANE's (or Spare - no - pains) Hens have been thoroughly eggscogitated. True, in both cases—and in any amount of cases—the

Eggs are only "Shop Eggs;" but, with just here and there an exception, they are all quite fresh, and, where they are not absolutely new-laid, there is not an instance of one being bad.

The Noble Four.

WAR never saw midst battle shocks,
Two braver men than COLE and COX;
Each Englishman of manly soul
Tosses his cap for COX and COLE,
Ditto for GARNER and for SNELL.
(We're glad to know them stout and well),
Punch drinks their health, and bids them know
That England's heart is all aglow
(Far, far beyond St. Stephen's lobbies)
With sympathy for four brave "Bobbies!"

MRS. RAMSEBOTHAM says, she considers such a man as O'DONOVAN ROSSA, the Dynamiter of a Vicious Circle.

THE *Athenaeum* speaks of *Junius* as "this ill-starred play." Severe this on the Star.



HYPERBOLE!

Auctioneer (selling Town Property). "WHY, GENTLEMEN, THE VERY ATMOSPHERE'S WORTH THE MONEY!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 23.—"You might have knocked me down with a feather," ASHMEAD BARTLETT said when describing what happened at Eight o'Clock.

Member for Eye strolling into House to see if he'd dropped any Questions on the floor. House nearly empty, there being nothing more attractive than business going on. Seats Bill under discussion. Looked across the House, and there below the Gangway, in the corner-seat behind DILLWYN, sat the PRIME MINISTER!

"It's come at last!" ASHMEAD gasped. "Six years ago, a young man, with an eyeglass, stood outside Palace Yard with sixpence in his pocket, and saw GLADSTONE go by. He said to himself, 'I will live to drive him out of office.' That young man was me, and I have done it. I thought I would send him in ordinary course to Front Bench opposite. But it seems he's so badly beaten that he throws up all hope of returning to power again, and has gone and joined the malecontents below the Gangway. Becomes a corner-man like FORSTER and GOSCHEN. My time is at hand, and I shall not forget friends. WOLFF shall certainly have either Berlin or Constantinople. Will go off and put down a Question on the subject for to-morrow."

ASHMEAD as usual got the wrong rat by the tail. PREMIER only gone to sit below Gangway in order to discuss with RICHARD GROSVENOR probabilities of Division on Egyptian Convention. Still, it was odd and suggestive to see him there, with DILKE on Treasury Bench acting as Leader of House.

"What a time we should have, to be sure!" said DILLWYN, "supposing W. E. G. really became a corner-man. How he'd make both sides sit up! For such a prospect I would give him up my seat."

STAFFORD NORTHCOTE moved Adjournment of House, in order to discuss arrangements for debating Egyptian Convention.

"Don't feel quite sure, TOBY," said Sir STAFFORD, thrusting his hands up his sleeve, "that I've done quite the right thing. They bothered me so about action on the Seats Bill, and scowl at me because I won't badger GLADSTONE every night on Afghan business, that I felt I must do something. But seem to have moved at the wrong time. We've had ASHMEAD BARTLETT and O'DONNELL discussing my Motion, and now we've got down to W. REDMOND. I think if the House will permit me, I'll withdraw it. Which he did, and business commenced."

Business done.—Progress with Seats Bill.

Tuesday.—HENRY the Tyler nowhere in the race at question time. ONSLOW pretty well in, and WOLFF a good third. But ASHMEAD BARTLETT still Eclipse. Got a little tumble from the SPEAKER to-night; put question to HARTINGTON and received answer. Rose immediately, and put same question in slightly altered form. This too much for illimitable patience of SPEAKER. "The Hon. Member," he said sternly, "asks the noble Lord to answer a question he has just replied to."

ASHMEAD up again. Would like to argue this matter with the SPEAKER but the Right Hon. Gentleman not noticing him, ejaculates "Mr. CROPPER!" CROPPER comes up, puts matter-of-fact question about some Bill to be introduced in Lords, and ASHMEAD BARTLETT temporarily extinguished.

"You came a Cropper there, old boy," said WOLFF, in sympathetic tones.

"Do you think so? Well, I don't see it in that light. Rather think I scored. If SPEAKER hadn't interposed, HARTINGTON would either have answered the question or declined, and there an end on't. But SPEAKER comes in, calls special attention to me, and in country Clubs they'll rattle their tankards and say, 'There's ASHMEAD BARTLETT at 'em again. Gets HARTINGTON in a corner. SPEAKER obliged to come up to help him. What's yer STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and even your RANDOLPH CHURCHILL to him, not to mention' (excuse the reference) 'your WOLFFES. He's the man for my money, and I'll have another pint to drink his health.' I'm not quite such a fool as I look."

"I'm glad of that," said WOLFF, in fine sarcastic tones. Doesn't altogether like the airs ASHMEAD gives himself since Conservative Party have begun to cheer him.

Seats Bill again in Committee. Windbag SEXTON having charge of an Amendment giving Dublin extra Member, talks full hour by Westminster Clock. Committee impatient. DILKE smiling with increased serenity as bad quarters of hour succeed each other. The case for Dublin a good one if well handled. Said that Radicals going to vote for it. But SEXTON talks them clean out of House, and when at end of three hours' debate division taken, Parnellites left to themselves to vote for Motion.

Business done.—Progress with the Seats Bill.

Wednesday.—Grinding away at the Seats Bill. Made fair progress up to Four o'Clock, when Windbag SEXTON having, in the interval, been freshly inflated, re-appeared, and raised again question of representation of Dublin, which had occupied Committee for three hours on previous night; now appropriated remainder of the sitting; promises to come up fresh again after Easter recess.

Speaker of Purfleet House of Commons in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. Honoured Mr. PEEL by sending for him, whilst SEXTON windbagging.

"Thought you had this question talked to death in Committee yesterday?" said the Purfleet Personage. "How is it possible that it can come on again to-day, blocking public business? Is it in order?"

"Quite," said our SPEAKER, meekly. "Am not sure whether ingenuity of Irish Members may not find another opportunity of redelivering their Speeches even in Committee. Certainly they'll do so on Report."

"And yet," said the P. P., sternly regarding the trembling SPEAKER, "you call yourselves a business assembly, and have charge of Imperial interests. Come down to Purfleet, and see how we manage things there."

"Thank you—I will," said the SPEAKER, getting back just in time to resume the Chair, and run through Orders of the Day.

Business done.—Scarcely any.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 6.



A CHESS DIVAN IN THE STRAND.

Thursday.—Just after prayers met HARCOURT in Corridor, smiling softly to himself; evidently beaming with some fresh delight.

"Been snubbing somebody?" I asked, pleasantly, curious to know why he should look so glad he was alive.

"No, TOBY, quite the contrary. I've been doing the heavy father business with the gallant Policemen who grappled with the dynamite in the crypt the other week. Quite a theatrical business. I stood myself where the other explosive had been placed. GLADSTONE, the SPEAKER, Mrs. GLADSTONE, ROSEBERRY, and an admiring company grouped around. Wanted the Archbishop of CANTERBURY to come. But he was engaged. COX and COLE brought up to slow music. Got GARNER and SNELL, shot by Shoreditch burglars, to appear. Wanted CHAMBERLAIN, P.C., shot at Islington; but Doctors wouldn't let him come. Always meddling, those Doctors. When everything ready, Curtain drew up, me discovered standing between the gallant Policemen with a hand on shoulder of each. Made 'em a fine speech; solemnly shook hands with them. Then pinned Albert Medal on COLE's breast, reminding everyone, I'm sure, of NAPOLEON THE FIRST decorating soldier on the field of battle. Shook hands with Sergeants again, made them another little speech. Shook hands with 'em once more. They like it. Made speech to Police generally, and crowd; shook hands with Inspector GERSON; would have shaken hands all round, but time pressing. You should have heard them give three cheers for HOME SECRETARY. Egad, TOBY! when I walked away, after shaking hands with GLADSTONE, I really felt as if I'd picked up the dynamite myself, and carried it off. These little episodes make official life bearable. They raise a man's estimate of himself, and suffuse his mind with a genial glow. Shake hands, TOBY."

I was much affected. I watched the Majestic Figure as it moved down the corridor. As it passed the Policeman stationed at corner, it stopped and shook hands with him.

House of Commons engaged on fresh Vote of Censure. GLADSTONE moves Resolution approving Egyptian Convention. BRUCE moves rejection. Having heard both speeches, Members go away to think them over, leaving House empty for rest of night.

Speech of the evening made by ACKERS, new Member for West Gloucestershire. Delightful for its ponderous simplicity, and its unaffected belief that West Gloucester is the Premier Constituency of the country, for whose decision at recent election Europe held its breath.

"I fancy," said FARRER HERSCHELL, "we've gained a great Ackersition in the Member for West Gloucestershire."

Business done.—Egyptian Convention submitted.

Saturday, 2 A.M.—Division just taken place on Convention. Might have come off hour ago only for CHILDERS. Got up at One o'Clock to "say few words." Wasn't finally howled down till quarter to Two. "Thought CHILDERS a man of sense," says GEORGE ELLIOT. "But the vanity of speechmaking too much for him."

Business done.—Convention approved by 294 votes against 246.

Summary of Boat-Race.

CAMBRIDGE lost, and Oxford won;
So till 'Eighty-Six 'tis done.
Londoners are asking whether
They could lose it altogether.

A VOLUNTEER COLUMN.

Formed by Dumb-Crambo Junior.

A Fatigue Party.



Battery arriving at Head Quarters.



Mounted Infantry.



Post-Office Rifles.



Army Signalling Department.



Bright-on Downs.



Sink-Ports.



Rifle Caw.



Counter-marching.



Detraining.



A Line of Outposts.



Forming Columns.

"CAB, SIR!"—*Mr. Punch* begs to acknowledge the generous response to his appeal for something over and above the reward which was handed to the Cabman disabled in pluckily dispatching a Mad Newfoundland Dog. The Donations will be duly forwarded to the Magistrate at the Westminster Police Court.

THEY CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT ME!

The Song of the Sultan.

AHA! After all they've so long said about me—
The Infidel Dogs!—they're beginning to find
That, as dear HOBART* told 'em, they can't do without me,
'Tis I must be pulling the strings from behind.
Oho! It's delightful. Their rage must be frightful,
Especially old Bag-and-baggage's! Bah!
Though WEO may look spiteful, my claim is so rightful
They cannot dispense with their old Padishah!
No! no! it's no use don't you see,
Their Policy's fiddlededee!
However they struggle,
Or jockey and juggle,
They can't get along without *Me!*

They'd like me to act as a sort of Bum-Bailiff!
Ha! ha! we shall see, Dogs! But one thing is plain,
They're certain to fail if they turn up the Caliph,
And that's why they're all sneaking round me again.
Me both have their eye on, the Bear and the Lion,
Though one of 'em thrashed me, the other betrayed.
A nice little sort of a caper to try on
The Prince of the Faithful! But there, who's afraid?
It fills me with holiest glee
The Infidel's wriggings to see.
No safe course they've hit on
For Russian or Briton.
They can't get along without *Me!*

They scouted us, flouted us, couldn't endure us,
But now, when they feel betwixt hammer and anvil,
They'd gladly secure us, and artful MUSURUS
Is closeted daily with GLADSTONE and GRANVILLE.
To checkmate the Cossack, and smash up the MAHDI,
My help would be handy. By Allah, it's fun!
Sweet, sweet as the music of HAFIZ or SAADI
The whine of each Infidel son of a gun.
They are left in a hole, don't you see?
To ignore me were fain to agree,
But all in a minute
They find I'm still in it.
They can't get along without *Me!*

Egyptian finances have led them strange dances,
The sons of burnt fathers! no more can they shirk
That question, so each of them furtively glances
To him the dogs called the Unspeakable Turk!
Unspeakable? Yah! By the beard of the Prophet,
They'll have to eat dirt, or their words,—much the same!
My course? Well, I wish I could send 'em to Tophet;
But, failing that joy, I shall play my own game.
At any rate, all men can see
I've scored off old W. G.,
Who finds—oh! it's funny!—
Spite ships, men and money,
He can't get along without *Me!*

* See HOBART PASHA's letter to the *Times*, February 3, 1885, in which he declares that nothing can be done without "a friendly accord between England and Turkey."

PROBABLE FUTURE OF THE WORKING-CLASSES.

(Not a Chapter from Mr. Mill's "Political Economy.")

So the premium required from a candidate for the coveted post of Dock Labourer has been raised to a fourth part of his daily wages!

I learn that the agents who arrived in the East-End with the object of taking advantage of the depressed condition of labour by purchasing a few thousand English families for the Central African slave-market, were "received with the greatest enthusiasm."

What consolation it must inspire into the breasts of the workless, to know that the remedy which chiefly commended itself to the important meeting held last week in Southwark, was—an Amalgamation of the twenty-five different Emigration Agencies in London!

Possibly some of the out-of-workers in Southwark, "who were presented with a packet of tobacco apiece as they left the room, at which they seemed much pleased," would have been even more grateful for tickets for themselves and families to New South Wales, and a promise of employment when they got there.

In the midst of all this poverty, it is at all events satisfactory to know that the School-Board rate still stands at two-and-sixpence in the pound, and that the number of girls who pass the First Standard in Arabic Hieroglyphics, and are then transferred to the County Asylum, is steadily increasing.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



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41, 44, 45, 46, WARWICK STREET, W. (WHOLESALE).

PARIS: 29 & 31, RUE TRONCHET, 29 & 31.

PROVINCES:

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LIVERPOOL—50, BOLD STREET.

BIRMINGHAM—39, NEW STREET.



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Specialist LIGHT OVERCOATINGS, for Spring and Summer wear.

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OUTFITS FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN, from materials of the finest manufacture, for moderate Cash prices. Particular attention is drawn to the specially durable and
 inexpensive Cloths introduced for School and Play wear.

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LADIES' SPRING DRESSES, in new Parisian designs and materials; also in a *specialist*
 make of Cloth-Serge, for Morning and Travelling wear, at Four-and-a-half Guinea.
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Always available as a Restorative and agree-
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Gold Medal, Health Exhibition, 1884.

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 Does not injure leather nor clothing.
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Combines all the requirements for
 Harness in one preparation. Contains
 30 per cent. of Oil. Is waterproof and
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 sponge. One application lasts a month.
 Keeps leather supple, and prevents its
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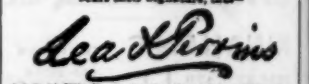
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M. Sues also recommends a particularly good kind
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